THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHURCH

Over her

Plotting Implacable *ENEMIES*:

Being the Substance of a

Moral Discourse,

Delivered on the Fifth of *November*,

By that Reverend Divine, *N. V.*

First, Shewing the black Barbarity of the *Powder-Plot*.
Secondly, The Infinite Mercy and Goodness of God in preserving these Three Kingdoms when they were Threatned with utter Destruction.
Thirdly, An Exhortation to a Holy Life, as a suitable return of those Favours received.

Isaiah, 43d. Chap. part of the 2d. verse.

When thou walkest through the Fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the Flame kindle upon thee.

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THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHURCH, &c.

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When thou walkest through the Fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the Flame kindle upon thee.

THE Scriptures are full of these comfortable Promises, which are as so many Pillars to support the Righteous Church and People of God from sinking under the Troubles of this present World; many are and have been the Plots and Persecutions raised by the Malice of wicked Men against them, and yet as often have been delivered; yet sometimes God suffers those Instruments of Cruelty to go on in their Designs untill his People are brought to the brink of Ruine, and then in a moment he turns the stream of Destruction upon the Authors thereof, while he preserveth his People by his Mighty Power.

What a desperate pinch were we brought to this Fifth day of *November:* Now we were in the Fire indeed, a Fire kindled in Hell, a Sulphurean Fire, into which, not only the three Children, but the three States of our Realm were enwrapped, and all bound together, to have perished with one Crack. Let us pause here, and consider the danger of our Extremities, that we may be stirred up the more fee-

ingly and heartily, to magnifie the Mercy, Power, and Goodneſs of the Lord, manifeſted in our Delivery: Conſider how cunningly it was contrived, how cruelly it was intended, how nearly atchieved, how miraculouſly diſcovered, for the cunning in contriving, what ſecrecy of Care, what ſecrecy of Perſons, the place, a place of Darkneſs, and therefore fit for a work of Darkneſs, the ſecrecy of the place ſeemed to invite them to this bloudy Deſign, even as the opportunity of time ſmiled upon them, and promiſed to be the unhappy Midwife, to deliver the Actors (who big with their Conception) of this monſtrous Burthen: Let me now take you hand in hand, and lead you to this dark Cave, this hollow Den, this fiery *Ætna*, this tormenting *Tophet*, I know not what to call it, Grammar, Logick, Rhetorick, all are poſed, no Art can yield a work Emphatical enough for this artificial Phalarian Invention, a ſtrange Engine, it was invented for the torment of Innocents, but (as that of *Phaleris*) turned to the torment of the Inventors. See here what Barrels of Powder packed cloſe together! what piles of Wood billetted over thoſe Barrels! what Barrels of Iron mingled with thoſe Piles! Of all reſemblances, methinks a *Tophet* fits it beſt; ſee the deſcription of *Tophet*, and parallel them, *Iſaiah*, 33. 33. Tophet *is ordained of old, yea, for the King it is prepared, he hath made it deep and large, the Pile thereof is Fire and much Wood, the Breath of the Lord like a ſtream of Brimſtone doth kindle it.* Lo here a right Tophet ordained of old, hatched in the latter years of the Reign of our late Queen *Elizabeth*, prepared not by God, but by Men; nay, not by Men, but by Devils, was it not digged deep, and made large, made for the King, yea, and the Queen, Prince, Prelates, Lords, Commons, all the burning of it was Fire and much Wood, a ſtream of Powder, as a River of Brimſtone, was to kindle it, a right *Tophet*; ſome place Hell in the Centre or midſt of the Earth; here you might have found it ſomewhat beneath the ſuperficies of the Earth: thus were there Villanies buried in the Bowels of the Earth, *Iſaiah*, 29. 15. *They dig deep to hide their Counſel from God and Man*; the Perſons will be as ſecret as the Place.

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These Catholick Conspirators, to make all sure, to sow their Lips fast, swear a Silence, and bind that Oath with the Sacrament, and did what in them lay, as far as God would give them leave; but let no Man henceforth wonder at the Fury of that Romish *Catiline*, who forced his Followers to pledge each other in Healths of humane Bloud. Behold here that Romish *Catesby*, with his 'Complices, take the Bloud of God, and as they maintain it, the real essential Bloud of the Son of God must be carousèd, to give up their Lips from the Discovery of this Hellish Design! thus closely was it carried on, so lapped in the Mantle of Darkness that none but the Devil, as they gave it out (the Lord was far from their thoughts) could unvail it, and pluck off the Mask from this Hag; yet was their Cruelties no whit inferiour to their Secresie: Let me begin in the VVords of *Moses*, *Deut.* 4. 32. *Ask of the Days of old, that have been since God created Man upon the Earth, from one end of Heaven unto the other, if there came to pass such a great thing as this, or ever the like was heard of*; search all Chronicle, turn over the Records of all Nations, no Age, nor Story, Humane or Divine, can match this matchless President, the Massacre of *France*, the Slaughter of the *Indies*, wherein Worlds of People were most cruelly made away, all heinous transcendent Crimes falls short of this. *Nero* that Spring of Bloud, and Monster of Men, as the Stories Record, wished all the People of *Rome* had but one Head, that he might chop it off at a Blow; that which was but desired of *Nero* was not wished only, but plotted and attempted by these Antichristian *Nero*'s; had their Plot taken effect, not the Head of *Rome* but of *England* had been cut off at a Blow. *Nero* caused the City of *Rome* to be fired, and laid the blame on the Christians; if their Train had blown up our Church and State, the Imputation of so foul a Fact by these Equivocating Catholicks, must have been cast on our innocent Protestant Brethren. These famous Kingdoms, by a blessed Peace-maker, our late Soveraign King *James* the First, united into one happy Monarchy, had been with one Blow and Blast in a day, an hour, a moment, perished, e'er they knew who hurt them; no Sect, no Sex, no Person, nor Age might be

ſpared, no, not thoſe of their own Religion; the Powder, like the Duke of *Medina*'s Sword, would have known no difference between Proteſtant and Papiſt; the King's Majeſty, the Golden Head of this Land, the Lord's Anointed, and the Breath of our Noſtrils; his dear Queen; his Princely Heir, the Pledge of our ſucceeding Hopes; the noble Lords and Barons, the Shields and Shoulders of our Land; the Reverend Biſhops and Clergy, the Chariots and Horſe-men of *Iſrael*; the grave Sages and Judges, the Hands of our Land for Execution of Juſtice; the Flower of our Gentry and Commons, the Feet of this Land; root and branch, prieſt and people, head, root, branches, eyes, ſhoulders, arms, hands, feet, all, all, ſhould have been torn up, and mounted on high to fall headlong; their Carcaſſes mangled and burnt, by an unheard of kind of Execution; in their Wrath they digged down a VVall, and in their Anger would take away a whole Nation as one Man. *Curſed be their Anger, for it was fierce and their Wrath, for it was cruel; into their Secrets let not the Righteous enter: My Soul be not thou joined with their Aſſemblies*; How near was it come, even to the point of Execution! the Children were at the Birth; we had but the burning of a Match to live; not a hair's breadth between us and this Death, theſe Flames. How miraculouſly was this Plot diſcovered! How opportunely were the Traytors defeated! the Wiſdom of the King came from the Inſpiration of the Almighty; ſtrange it is to conſider wnat Engliſh his Majeſty did pick out of a dark Letter; he that ſits in Heaven made their own Hands and Pens to betray all, *Eccleſ.* 10. 20. *Curſe not the King, no, not in thy thought; for the Fowls of the Heaven ſhall carry it, and that which hath Wings ſhall declare the matter.* If the Lord had not been with us, among us, for us, and put a VVord of Divination into the Lips of our gracious Soveraign, we had all been, long e'er this, as *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, Kings, Princes, Nobles, Peers, Prelates, Judges, Gentry, Commons, our Peace, Plenty, the Goſpel of Peace, the Comfort of our Lives, and the Life of all our Comforts, all had vaniſhed into Aſh-heaps: Thus am I fallen upon the Author of this Great Deliverance, who kept us in the Fire,

that

that the Flame did not ſo much as kindle upon us; ſo literally are the VVords of this Propheſie fulfilled of this Church and State, who kept us, *Jehovah*, (ſaith my Text) *Jehovah ſaith, this day I will be with thee*; the ſafety of the Church conſiſts in the Preſence of the Lord; *Jehovah* is that Cloud which gives light to the *Iſraelites*, ſtrikes terrour into the *Egyptians*, and takes off the VVheels of their Chariots; *Jehovah* is that VVall of Fire that fenceth his Elect, and conſumes his Enemies; *the Lord is my Rock and my Fortreſs*: ſo *David*. *The Name of the Lord is a ſtrong Tower, into which the Righteous Nation ſhall enter*: ſo *Solomon*. This Tower is invincible, this Bullwark impregnable, this Fortreſs is out of Gun ſhot, and therefore cannot be battered; this VVall reacheth higher than the Heavens, and cannot be ſcaled; the Lord is ever with his Church, what he ſpeaks of the Temple, the Type of the Church, needs muſt it be verified of the Church, the Truth of that Type, 2. *Chron.* 7. *Chap. ver.* 16. *I have choſen this place that my Name may be there for ever, and mine Eyes and my Heart ſhall be there perpetually*; there is he preſent and Reſident, and that not as a naked Spectator to behold their Miſeries, but as a tender Father, as a mighty Saviour, as a tender Father commiſerating their diſtreſſes, caring the Cares, grieving the Griefs, and fearing the Fears of his Choſen; in all their troubles he is troubled, when the Foot has trod upon in Earth, the Head cryes from Heaven, *Saul, Saul, why perſecuteſt thou me*? he is preſent. Secondly, As an Almighty powerfull Saviour; Is there any thing too hard for him? Is his Arm ſhortned? Did not he wound *Rahab*? Smite the Dragon? Overthrow the Horſe, and his Rider? make a Path in the great VVaters, and allay the heat of the Fire? he works with means, without means, againſt means, and doth whatever he will in Heaven or Earth: Hath not he ſet bounds to the Sea, though it rage and foam, here it muſt ſtay, thus far it ſhall come and no further; here the proud VVaves muſt be broken. Hath not he Satan in a Chain, and all his Inſtruments, that they cannot pluck a hair from the head of his Servants without his leave and licence? Behold now the ſafety, the ſecurity of the Church! If God be with us who ſhall be againſt us? if God

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be with us, what need we fear what Man can doe unto us, Men or Devils? No marvail if the Prophet Command, *fear not he that is thus guided, thus guarded; how can he fear or faint?* ſo the ſame Prophet, *Chap.* 51. *ver.* 12. 13. *I even I, am he that Comforts thee, who art thou that thou ſhouldeſt be afraid of a Man, and of the Son of Man, which ſhall be made as Graſs, and forgetteſt the Lord thy Maker*: and *Jehovah* hath undertaken to be the Lord-Protector, or Lord-Keeper of his red Vine, *Iſaiah* 27. 3. *I the Lord do Watch over it by night and by day*; he will defend it againſt ſecret Treacheries, theſe are night Aſſaults; againſt open Hoſtilities, theſe are day Aſſaults: What tho' the Ramping Lyon go about about continually, ſeeking whom he may devour? Is not the *Lyon of the Tribe of Judah* as vigilant to defend, as Satan to aſſault? The Deſtroyer of *Iſrael* never ſlumbreth nor ſleepeth; no more doth the Keeper of *Iſrael*, he alſo never ſleepeth, never ſlumbreth; let their Enemies be never ſo many, all *Nations to him are but as the duſt of the Balance, the drop of a Bucket, as nothing, leſs then naught*; let their Enemies be never ſo mighty, he hath their hearts in his hand, can turn them as the *Rivers of Waters*, and make our Enemies at peace with us, changing their ſtabs into kiſſes; he hath their heads in his hand, and can infatuate the wilieſt *Herod*, the craftieſt *Achitophel*, turning their Councils into folly; he hath their hands and horns in his hand, and can either bind them to their good Behaviour, or knock out the Teeth of grators before they bite; let them dig deep to hide their Plots, the Lord will go beyond them; let them *join hand to hand, they ſhall not proſper*; we may ſay it, we may ſwear it, we muſt belive it, we have had experience (never any Church more of the like) what it is to have ſuch a Protectour, whoſe power is unreſiſtable, his Will unchangeable, his Skill unſearchable; whoſe Greatneſs is ſuch, that he can do what he will, whoſe Goodneſs is ſuch, that he will do what he can, and ever magnifie both his Greatneſs and Goodneſs, in the protection of his *Iſrael*, and in the converſion or confuſion of his Enemies. Witneſs this Day of days, on the Morning of our Fifth of *November*, they would have blown us up; on the Evening of their Fifth of *November*, God beat them down.

Is

Is *Jehovah* the deliverer of his Israel? Why let God then have the Honour of his own Work; not our Wit, not our Wealth, not our Goodness, not our Greatness, not our Friends, not our Bulwarks, but the Lord only; *It was the Lord's doing, let it ever be marvellous in our eyes: This is the day which the Lord hath made, let us be glad and rejoyce.* Let the wicked Politician, the *Machiavilian* Atheist sacrifice to their own Nets. We will cry with that Kingly Prophet, *Not unto us O Lord, but unto thy Name we give the Glory.* The whole praise of so glorious a Refcue, how great so ever it be, which indeed is exceeding great, is only due to *Jehovah.* Let the King say, *it is the Lord that giveth great Deliverances unto his David, and sheweth mercy to his Anointed, and his Seed for ever.* Let the great *Peers* & *Princes* say it is not our *Arm* that hath saved us, not our mighty *Strength*, but the *Strength of Israel, Jehovah.* Let the House of *Aaron* say and sing *Praises* unto the Lord that hath done wisely, discovered our Enemies, broken their Snares, and we are escaped. Let all *England* say, *If the Lord had not been on our side, if the Lord had not been on our side, when men rose up against us, they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us.* Praise waiteth for thee O God in *Sion*, who is like our God, who doth great and wondrous things. Honoured for ever be that Noble and Honoured Society (*The High Court of Parliament*) that to all Ages hath set a day apart, for the Honour of that God, who is the Protector of his *Sion*, the Detector, the Destroyer of his and their *Implacable Enemies*: Go on still, O Noble Senate, let King, Prince, Peers, Prelates, Commons, all conspire to Honour the God of Heaven by enacting such solemn Panagericks to *Jehovah*, and the God of Honour will Honour you; this Church, this State, your Posterity; the Generation to come, shall bless God for the deliverance of this day; for the Record of this Deliverance, for this publick Gratulation upon Record: Blessed be that God which hath put it into the Heart of that great Assembly, with an unanimous and free Consent to enact it for a Law in *Israel*, and an Ordinance in *Jacob* for ever. If ever we forget this Mercy, let our Tongues cleave to the Roof of our Mouths,

and our Arms rot from our Shoulders; let all Faithful, Loyal, true hearted *Engliſh* Proteſtants, with one Heart and Voice cry, *Amen, Amen.*

Finally, doth the ſecurity of the Church, State, all lie in the preſence of God? Where God is, there is no Danger; as where he is not, no ſafety; O keep him while we have him, drive him not from you who is our Buckler, our Shield, all in all unto us, keep him in his Word, in his Sabbaths, in his Ordinances, and he will keep you. Would you know in a word, what drives the Lord from a Land, a People? Sin; nothing but Sin can do it, and Sin will do it, *Your ſins have ſeparated between me and you*; where Sin is countenanced, maintained, multiplied, there is no harbour for the Almighty. *He is a God of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, what communion between God and Belial, light and darkneſs, Chriſt and Antichriſt?* Sin chaſes the Lord away, and leaves that perſon, that Nation naked, unfeigned, expoſed to the Malice of Men, to the Fury of Satan, to the Flames of Hell. Every wilfull Sinner is a Traytor to God, his King, and Countrey, as well as to his own Soul. Away with beloved darling Sins, away with thoſe waſting King-killing State-ruinated Sins, Idolatry, Contempt of God's Word, Worſhip, Sacraments, Sabbath, Miniſters, ſcandalous enormous Impieties, out-facing Authority: Theſe if they ſhould be found among us, will kindle a Flame in our Cities, Countrey, a worſe then Powder-Flame, that ſhall burn to the bottom of Hell.

If we our ſelves betray not our Souls, our Church, our State, our Kingdom, in vain ſhall the Gates of *Rome* repine at the proſperity of *England*; if we pull not down our own Walls with our own hands, no Engines of theirs ſhall ever batter them; if we do not open the ſluces and floud-gates, the Inundations of that *Romiſh Nilus*, with her mariſh Waters, ſhall never overflow our Banks; if we carry not Flax, Tinder, Gun-Powder, in our own boſomes, and ſtrike not Fire with our own fingers, their Matches ſhall never take, their ſparkles ſhall not burn, the flame ſhall not kindle upon us.

For

For God's ſake therefore, for your Souls ſake, for your Country's ſake; if you love your King, Country, Peace, Plenty, the Goſpel of Peace, your Goods, Friends, Children, away with the toleration, diſpenſation of known, groſs, ſcandalous, notorious, enormous Impieties; maintain a perpetual correſpondence, with your Heavenly Father; be in League with Heaven; delight to Honour him, his Name, Word, Worſhip, Sacraments, Sabbaths, Meſſengers, that he may delight to Watch over you; ſerve him who ſaved us, and therefore ſaved us, (that we being redeemed from this black and horrid Sulphurean Treaſon, and ſo wonderfully delivered us from the wicked Deſigns and ſubtle Snares of our malicious Enemies) we might ſerve him all the days of our Life, and devote all our Actions unto his Glory:

The which that we may, God of his infinite Mercy be pleaſed to work in us a true and unfeigned Repentance, that we may at the laſt merit the Throne of Grace, where ſitteth the Lamb Eternally in the Heavens, unto whom be moſt duly rendered all poſſible Praiſe and Adoration.

A Thanks-

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A Thanksgiving for God's wonderful Deliverance of the King's Majesty, and the State of Parliament, from the *Gun Powder Treason*, An. 1605.

O Almighty God, great in Mercy, and wonderful in Judgment, who by the instinct of Nature, and charge in holy Scripture, hast taught us, that great Deliverances ought to have perpetual remembrance: We miserable Sinners, whose corrupt Natures and vile Actions have deserved by extraordinary Punishments to be made a Spectacle to the World, and to Angels, and to Men, do humbly acknowledge thy Love and long Sufferance, in delivering us from many heavy Judgments which might justly have been brought upon us and our chiefest Delights.

O Lord, we tremble to think upon it, how unjustly they intended to take us away before our time, by secret conveying of fearful Gun-Powder covered with Iron, Wood and Coals, ready to put Fire under a dark Vault under the House of Parliament, a place of state against a present sitting.

O Lord, if this had not been, we had been blown up, we had been smothered, we had been dismembred, we had been persecuted: We had been undone, all and some, fearing thy Name, the poor Commonalty, the worthy Gentry, the judicious Lawyer, the reverend Judge, the true Nobility, the Learned Clergy, and the sacred Council of our King; yea, our King and his Queen, and all the Royal Progeny, the most honourable Assembly of Christendom sitting in their State, for the continuance of thy Truth and good of the Realm.

FINIS.